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MISCELLANEOUS.

IT is our purpose to lay before the readers of the Monitor at as early a date as possible, an outline of the "History of Missions." Want of time has prevented the commencement of the work in the present No. This, however, will not be regretted, inasmuch as it affords an opportunity of inserting the following beautiful piece from the Christian Observer, a Magazine published in London, and republished in New-York :

From the Christian Observer.

THE enclosed narrative of facts occurred recently to the writer. They appeared too interesting to pass unheeded away ; and, with the Divine blessing, may be made useful to many.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

PASTORAL VISITS.

"You shall see my treasures," said a country minister to his friend from a neighboring city ; "kings and princes display theirs, though they perish in the using ; come and see what the Lord has done for us ; especially among those, who, though poor in this world, are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he has promised to those who love him.

"My people are chiefly manufacturers ; but the clothing trade has very much declined of late : the lower orders, amongst us, are suffering great privations : to see them, you would imagine they would not remain much longer peaceable ; yet, to hear many of them, you can scarcely suppose a nearer resemblance to Him, who had learned, in whatsoever state he was, to be therewith content. Yes, that blessed book, the BIBLE, has taught them to fear God and honor the king ; to shew their loyalty, not by noisy exclamations, not by idling

their precious time in tumultuous revelry ; but by peaceably obeying the laws ; to love their neighbors as themselves ; to bear the ills they cannot avoid ; and to forbear from injuring those who lawfully possess what Providence has (doubtless for wise purposes) denied to them.— They are well aware, that *destroying* provisions is not the way to *lower* their price. How they exist on their present earnings, I cannot tell ; it must be pinching times for them ; but the same BIBLE has taught them to obey that command, which has a gracious promise annexed : 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you : ' they can trust God, when they cannot trace Him. They have read the fifth chapter of St. James, and they are content to refer all their concerns to their Father in heaven, and to their Elder Brother, who, (speaking as never man spake) said, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' He has made them heirs, not of a landed estate, but of a spiritual kingdom ; of treasures *laid up*, reserved for the saints who love Him. Here lives Stephen Witson : we will walk in and see him first.

"Good morning, Betty : where is Stephen ?"

"Your service, sir : how glad I be to see you ! I was desperately fearful to see you yesterday, and was for all so glad to see you go up the pulpit stairs once more ! There, I thought, and so did Stephen, you were going to leave us, and get above."

"Why, Betty, you know I was very ill ; but, through mercy, my people's prayers were heard ; and I am restored to my flock again. I had a desire to part and be with Christ, which certainly would have been far better ; but to ab-

in the flesh, is perhaps more needful for them."

"Oh, sir, I did not doubt but God was with you in the furnace; but I hope you have many long years to live yet. Stephen and I do praise the Lord, for raising you up again. But I beg pardon, good gentlemen: you asked for Stephen; he is gone to work on the common, while the children and I do this *twisting*, to keep us from starving; and you know, sir, half a loaf, in an honest way, is better than no bread. The poor growing children must eat; as for Stephen and I, we can do, sir, you know, with less than they."

"How long is it, Betty, since you had any weaving?"

"For seventeen weeks we have had only one turn, which was all done in two days.—Master is very kind to us, and would gladly let us have more; but he says, all must share and share alike."

"What did you earn while in full work?"

"Why there, sir, Stephen and his partner (our little Jem, about ten years old, who could throw a shuttle desperate well) could earn two or three and twenty shillings a week; I earned eight; and all the rest of the boys four more. Oh, sir! shall we ever see such times of plenty again?"

"I hope, so, Betty, when it shall please God to dispose all hearts to peace.—You know, we pray constantly, that this may be the case; and prayer is very prevalent with God. But what do you get now?"

"You know, sir, the great Banker in London bought the common, and all who have a mind to come and join it, if they are on the ground in the morning, a shilling a day, and sixpence. Stephen and the biggest boys go there, when there is work at home; this, you know, good gentlemen, would help us mainly; but the lads come home so hungry I can scarcely find them barley bread enough; at, praised be the goodness of the Lord, we have got on some how or other. Stephen and I have often talked over that precious promise, 'Bread shall be given, and water shall be sure;' and though we are doubted about water being sure, there is nothing else of drink for

poor folks) yet we have been hard put to it about bread: we've sometimes been ready to give up; but, there, whenever we have just done the last piece, some job or other is wanted, or some kind friend sends us something, so that we have never long wanted. Oh! dear sir, if we could but live more and more on these blessed promises, I am sure we should find it better for our souls. I do want to live more on Christ."

"Why, Betty," said the minister's friend, "you look all in *rule* health."

"Yes, sir, we have that best of earthly blessings, health of body; and we know somewhat of peace of mind, too, which makes us of lighter hearts than many gentlefolks. I wish I could say we were as grateful as we ought to be; but we pray daily for more grace."

"Well, sir, we must go, if you please," said the minister to his friend; who, on rising, dropped a few shillings into Betty's hand, and told her to provide a dinner for Stephen and all the rest of them.

"Heaven bless you, sir," said Betty; "this is another proof of God's goodness: for, till Stephen comes home, we had nothing in the house."

"Give God all the praise," replied her benefactor.

"What think you, my friend, of this first specimen? May I not call such a saint an item in my treasures?"

"Yes, an item indeed: I wish I was more like her. How much we may learn from these poor saints! Instead of being peevish, and repining at the crosses I meet with, had I the faith she evidences, I should be absorbed in gratitude. May I learn from her a lesson of humility and cheerful submission to my heavenly Father's righteous will!"

"This is Edmund Hanway's house; I dare say he is at home. If you look you will see he has literally worn away the floor of his room, by long and incessant work at his *jenny*."

"Walk up, good sir, I thought it was your voice. I know you'll be so good as to excuse my coming down, because I am old and crippled."

"What, still plodding on, Edmund?"

"Yes, sir? the old place and the old work."

"How many years have you worked here?"

"Above thirty, sir, last Michaelmas, I have walked up and down this room; except when my heavenly Father has laid me by on that bed, with the rheumatism, once now and then. My walks up and down, tending this jenny, would make many a mile a day, if it were measured: it would be weary work to be so confined, if I had not the best of company. Here folks do think I work alone, and in a sense I do. But yet I don't; for Jesus, my blessed Saviour, condescends to visit me. Here, while at work, I do think over your sermons; and some of them afford me more pleasure in remembering and musing over, than even hearing of them; and yet I think, I know a little what pleasure is in hearing them too. 'Tis no hardship to me to be alone: I have no interruptions; and, though times be hard, my master gives me a bit of work every week; and you know, sir, a little bit is enough for a poor old man like I; my wants are soon supplied, and, before long, I shall be called to the rest you were talking about a Sabbath or two ago, to join my dear wives and eleven children, all gone before me. What a rest sir, and what a meeting!"

"Yes, Edmund," said the minister's friend, "and 'to be forever with the Lord!' think on that."

"We will now go," said the minister, "to poor Sarah Howard, who has been bed-ridden nearly fourteen years. Her's has been an affliction indeed! yet she is passive as a 'weaned child;' and you will observe how clean and neat every thing is."

Hearing a voice below, she exclaimed, "Come up, dear sir. I thought I saw you getting over the stile as I lay looking through the broken window; but I was afraid it was not you, because you had a gentleman with you. How kind it is to visit a poor old widow so soon after your own illness! I thought we should have lost our dear Minister. Not that I ever heard him; but my daughter, and James, and Molly, come in here of a Sabbath night, and tell me what he has preached about. Oh, sir, we did all pray for his recovery with all our might."

"Why, Sarah," said the stranger, "God sometimes brings his ministers to the gates of the grave, to make their churches see how valued they ought to

be while in health and the full vigor of pastoral labors, and also to rouse *them* to increased energy and prayer. Churches, ministers too, yea, all of us, need rousing sometimes. You no doubt heard what was our good friend's first text after his recovery: 'The Lord chastened me sore, but did not give me over unto death.'"

"Yes, dear sir, I can set to my seal: 'the Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death.'—I have been chastened in my *person*, and am rendered helpless by long and severe illnesses: I have been chastened in my *circumstances* ever since I was left a widow; aye, good gentlemen, I know what oppressing a widow, what bad debts and hard hearted creditors are: I have been chastened in my *family* by a son, whom I was dotingly fond of, running away, and going to sea: besides all these, I have been chastened in my *mind*, because 'walking in darkness and having no light;' yet, after all, I trust I can say with David, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word;' and I hope I can say with St. Peter, 'but am now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls.'"

The Minister suggesting to his friend, it was time to go, poor old Sarah eagerly implored, "Now, dear sir, don't go without a word of prayer; let me hear, in the chamber, the voice I am denied hearing in the sanctuary."

"Well, Sarah, let us pray."

The prayer being ended,

"A thousand blessings on you!" said Sarah.

"And," subjoined the stranger, "peace be to you my afflicted friend; and, with this mite, tell your daughter to purchase something as a cordial for your body, though it cannot be equal to the rich cordial which, in this room, we have found to cheer our hearts!"

"Yonder, leaning over his humble gate, is Henry Thornton, Mr. G's cartier. He is a good man, but poor fellow, likely soon to lose his wife. Oh the horrid ravages of consumption in this our land! How many happy couples it has separated! You will say, when you see his poor wife, she is a saint not less estimable than any we have visited."

"Well, Henry, how is your wife to-day?"

"Aye, dear sir, she is very bad; going home very fast; and, I am afraid, will soon leave me here alone. Walk in good gentlemen, will you? she will be very glad to see you: she is always talking about the saints below or saints above; but always says, Jesus Christ is the chief: he is the great God, our Saviour!"

With the sentence of death on her face, as well as in her frame, approaching her bed-side, they saw the anxious spirit would not be very long before it took its flight. The minister said, "Well, Mary, my afflicted friend; not released yet? a little more patience needed?"

"Yes, sir, I am wasting away; but blessed be God, I have no pain."

"Mary, the Lord seems coming to meet you; and, instead of leaving you to pass the dark valley alone, it seems as if he would carry you safely in his arms; so that you will have passed it before you are aware: will not that be a mercy?"

"Aye dear sir, I was thinking of my mercies before you came in."

"That was well said; most persons in health think of their trials. God has, in this bed, taught you to think of your mercies; while most persons, in like circumstances, would be fretting and complaining. Happy woman! whose choice, like your namesake's of old, has been that 'good part, which shall not be taken from you.' But tell us some of your mercies."

"Why, sir, I feel, I know, myself to be a sinner deserving hell: but I am out of hell: that is a mercy: I might have had my portion in the lake, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Although I have a diseased and dying body, I trust my soul is redeemed by the precious blood of Christ; and that is a mercy. I have not only heard the word, but I trust, heard it to the everlasting salvation of my soul: I have been nineteen years a professing Christian; and, though always an unworthy one, yet I bless God I never brought a stain upon his cause, but loved my minister and prayed for him, and, in answer to prayer, God made him a great blessing to my soul: and that is a mercy.—I might have had a drunkard, a swearer, a blasphemer, for a husband; instead of

which God gave me as good a husband as ever wife had: I am sure I can say this of poor Henry; he is a praying man; he is a humble Christian; and I was thinking that is a mercy. I have two dear children on earth, and they twine around my heart, 'tis true; but I have four dear angels with Jesus in heaven: it is sweeter to go to the *four* in heaven, than to remain with the *two* here upon the earth: though I feel about leaving them, yet I am not so unbelieving as to suppose God could not take care of them without me: that is a mercy. But my crowning mercy is, I have a Saviour who knows all my circumstances; who has justified me freely by his grace; who will, when death dismisses me, admit me to his gracious arms; who will make this vile body and soul like his own glorious *Self*, and then present me faultless before God, with exceeding joy! Oh, dear sir, I could tell you a great deal more about my merciful prospects, but I have not breath. However, I think upon them."

"Yes, my happy friend," said the minister, "we may form some *faint conception* of the bliss of heaven; but we must stop, as you do, not for want of breath, but for want of capacity. It is written, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' What a world must it be, where torture of body or wasting consumption, anguish of mind, spiritual darkness, death and sin, shall be no more! It is the religion of Christ only which affords these glorious prospects."

"Aye, sir," said the dying saint, "if I had breath to make all the world hear, and they would listen, I would say, 'None but Christ! none but Christ!'—Oh, dear sir, I would not change this dying bed to be queen of England. Soon she must lay down her crown; but I am going where I shall be like my God; the Lord my everlasting light, and my God my glory."

"These lively hopes I owe
To Jesus' dying love:
I would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above."

"Farewell, then, envied saint," said the minister and visitor to these humble cottagers. "Henry, your house is more

honored than a palace; and may your God, Mary, even in the valley itself, continue to afford such smiles as those with which you have now been favored! I shall not soon forget you, or your scale of mercies, reaching from hell to heaven. May you, in the moments of death, hear your Saviour say, 'It is I, be not afraid!'

Having shut the wicket gate, and bid poor weeping Henry farewell, they were surprised and grieved when, on taking out his watch, the minister told his friend they must return to dinner; at the same time assuring him, that this was but a specimen of what almost every week his pastoral visits produced.

Conversing together as they returned, said his friend, "I have often thought pastoral visits too much neglected, tho' St. Paul set an example by preaching from house to house. I now see how delightful and profitable they may be made, and only wish my commercial concerns would allow me to build a box near you; and that, when you take *such rounds* as these, with their pastor may also be associated their pastor's friend!"

The morning, thus spent, was admirably adapted to prepare both the minister and his friend for future scenes which awaited them: they have *both* had similar scenes to these in their own houses, but are both living witnesses that religion has rendered lovely in life, and eminently prepared for the vale of death, those who were dearer to them than life itself. Should the minister be honored with another visit from his friend, may their rambles be equally spiritual and profitable, as were these which now stand a memorial of their undissembled friendship!

J. B. S. P.

To the Editor of the Christian Observer.

I enclose you a paper, which, though it is not dated, must, I think, from its situation in my journal of occurrences, have been written in the close of the year 1801. It is word for word, as nearly as recollection at the time enabled me to write it down, the substance of a conversation which passed between me and a poor man, all whose connections were Catholics, but who constantly attended my church himself. I will not, however,

anticipate his character, which will appear from the recital.

Extract from passing Occurrences.

"There is a poor man who constantly frequents my church. On no public occasion, unless prevented by illness, have I missed him out of it. His name is Barny, and he is generally esteemed a *sort of idiot*; yet simple as he evidently is, his knowledge in spiritual things is enough to shame many a wiser head.—He gets his subsistence by going among the parishioners, who make an annual subscription for him to procure him clothes.* Having just come to make his usual application to me on this subject, and Amanda having remarked to me, that she had observed Barny apparently much affected by parts of my discourses, which she conceived he could not understand, I resolved to seize the opportunity of inquiring from himself, whether he received any benefit from coming to church. The following is the conversation that passed between us:—

"I believe you love to go to church, Barny?" "I do."

"Why do you love going to church?" "I hear the word, I hear *good words* there."

"What do you hear?" "I hear that the blood of Jesus washes away my sins, *all my sins*."

"Do you love Jesus Christ, Barny?" "I do, sir."

"How do you know that you love him?" "He is *precious* to me."

"Do you ever recollect, Barny, when he was *not precious* to you?" "I do."

"Do you ever pray to God, Barny?" "I do, sir, in secret, coming along."

"Do you think God hears you?" "I do."

"Why do you think so?" "He puts it into the people's hearts to help me—the summer when I had scarce a morsel to eat."

"You think, then, it was God who brought you through the *dear summer*?" "It was."

"Barney! are you afraid to die?"—"If my soul was safe, I would wish to die—the night."†

* We have no poor rates in Ireland.

† The night—i.e. this night—I should think it wrong to amend Barny's language.

"Why Barny! would you wish to die, and go into the grave?" "I would—I would wish to be with my Lord."

"Barny, do you recollect, when I was a child you used to speak bad words: do you say any bad words now?" "No, no!" (With emphasis.)

"Are you sorry for having talked these bad words?" "I am—very sorry."

"Barny! does any person talk with you about religion?" "No person."

"How have you then learned to give me these answers?" "I learn by the blood of Jesus Christ, that he will wash away my sins—And the Lord God wash away all my sins that I have committed."

The reader will be inclined to think that Barny, whose action and manner, and a little stoppage in his speech, added double weight to every thing he said, is not the fool he is generally supposed to be. But I will venture to affirm, that Barny could not give satisfaction upon any other subject. Barny can give no account about his own age, and, though living in the country all his life, knows not, I believe, the parts of a plough, nor can he perform any part of farming work. But Barny *knows* that he is a sinner, and that he has a Saviour, who is able to save such sinners as he. Barny loves the Book which reveals such a Saviour to him, and to wait in those courts where he hears *good words* about him whom he has found to be *precious* to his soul. Barny has not a mere *cant* about religion; for the change in Barny's *conduct* shews a change in his *heart*, and that he is really the character he professes himself to be. One remarkable trait in that character we ought not to overlook. It is this—that he looks through the creatures to God, and esteems it as an answer to prayer, "that the people help him:" and in particular, that being perfectly helpless himself, he was brought thro' these last severe times. Many other reflections naturally present themselves from this little history; but they are obvious, and I omit them.

Here, infidelity! is a *lesson* for you, if any thing can give you instruction. I defy you to produce such an instance of the benefit arising from your teaching.—Here is a person reclaimed from sin, and evidently taught of God, when his own reasoning powers were weak, and through

the medium of those very *means of grace*, which you affect to despise.

The above, sir, were my reflections on the history of poor Barny, in the year 1801; and they are still the same. I have now only to add, that he is gone to his reward. He continued the same faithful attendance in the courts of the Lord's house that he had been accustomed to give, and I had other conversations with him similar to the above; but missing him for some Sundays in his favourite place of resort, whence he derived so much pleasure and profit, I found upon enquiry, that he was no more. His friends, if he had any I can call so, had neither religion nor kindness enough to inform me of his illness, or I should have hastened to have smoothed his pillow in his sickness, and exhilarated his sinking spirits, by talking of that Lord whom he loved so well. His portion is in Heaven, and his memory will be perpetuated in your pages. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

IRISH.

MEMOIR OF M. M.

IN the following brief narrative the reader is presented with authentic History. The name of the subject of this Memoir is concealed through motives of delicacy, but the Editor details facts, which, either from certain information, or personal observation, he knows to be true.

M. M. was born in one of the middle Counties of Virginia, in the year 1755. She was descended of pious parents, who early imbued her mind with reverence for the Scriptures, and a knowledge of the doctrines taught in them. At that period the opportunities of hearing evangelical preaching were much rarer than at present. It was by the assiduity and care of parents chiefly that the rising generation were made acquainted with the scheme of redemption through Jesus Christ. Occasionally, however, the parents of M. M. enjoyed the benefit of the ministerial labours of the Rev. Samuel Davies, a man whose name is precious to many, and whose praise is in all the Churches. Under his wise counsels, and stimulated, no doubt, by his warm exhortations, they trained up their family in the way in which they should

go; and did not lose the reward of their labour. M. M. by submission to their will in very trying circumstances, and by unwearied and affectionate attentions, at all times promptly rendered, made a return perfectly satisfactory to them for their care and kindness.

Just after the close of the revolutionary war, M. M. was married to a young officer who had served very much to his own credit during the whole of that arduous conflict. Having become a mother, a new field of duties was opened to her. And here she was distinguished beyond any other person with whom the writer has ever been acquainted. It is in this relation that she is chiefly held up as a pattern for imitation—not that she was deficient in the discharge of any duty, as a wife, a mistress, or a friend; but in the instance mentioned, her example shown with peculiar lustre. Having connected herself with a Society of Christians, who think it a privilege to apply the initiating ordinance of the Church to the seed of believers, as soon as possible after the birth of a child, she presented it to God in the presence of the Church, and seemed never from that hour to forget the obligations brought on her by that solemn transaction. Few mothers were ever more active, industrious or economical, in making provision for the temporal support of their children; and yet this did not weigh a feather in the scale, when compared with the everlasting interests of those whom God had given to her. Such views had she of a parent's responsibility, and such the value which she placed on the souls of her children, that the whole course of her conduct seemed to have reference to the eternal welfare of those who were committed to her care. An instance of the attention which she paid to her engagements, which I have frequently heard related, may illustrate the remarks which have been made. When a daughter of her's had arrived at the age of about three years, she took her into her closet, and addressed her in language to this import—"My child, when you were a little baby, I devoted you to God in the ordinance of Baptism. I then gave you up to him. I intend to give you to him again, and you must give yourself to him. You must be a child of

God. He made you, and keeps you alive, and gives you every good thing to enjoy. When you lie down at night he preserves you, and when you rise up and go out, he keeps you from harm. He is always doing you good. You must learn to love and serve him, and he will take care of you while you live, and make you happy when you die." She then kneeled down, and, with all the ardour of true piety, and all the fervour of a mother's love, commended the child to the Divine protection, and implored on her behalf, the blessing of Heaven. The impression made at this time, as I have heard, was never erased; but is deeply felt even to this day, although the occurrence took place five and twenty years ago.

By the most indulgent and affectionate treatment M. M. secured to herself an uncommon degree of attachment from her children. They saw that neglect of religion, or disregard of its institutions by them would give their mother insupportable pain. Accordingly, although she took them to church with her, at a very early age, a child of her's was never, in a single instance, known to behave indecorously during divine worship; or treat the ministers of religion with neglect.

She acquired, to a very uncommon extent, an ascendancy over the minds of both her sons and daughters; and at the same time accustomed them to treat her with very great freedom, and esteem her as their confidential friend. They had no secrets to keep from their mother.—She was their counsellor, sympathised with them in all their little troubles and perplexities; and made herself necessary for their enjoyments. It is worthy of remark, that although the economy of the family was conformed to the strictest notions of religion, there was in it nothing gloomy or austere. It may seem surprising to some, but yet it is strictly true, that a more cheerful domestic circle was never known, than that in which M. M. presided; and yet there were no parties of pleasure, there was no dancing, no card playing. In fact, there was no need of amusements. They were never thought of. The parents and children were so happy in themselves, and in the company of their select friends,

that every day seemed too short for the enjoyment of the domestic happiness which flowed bounteously in upon them.

It also deserves particular notice that in the family of M. M. old age was always treated with most marked respect. Never in any other place have I seen more completely exhibited this trait of former and better times. I now perfectly recollect an incident which occurred at least sixteen years ago, that may illustrate this part of my subject. An old man, who had lived to second childhood, had done something not a little ridiculous for a person of his age. "William" said an acquaintance to one of the little boys about twelve years of age, "did you not laugh very much when old uncle Tom behaved so foolishly to-day?" "No:" replied William "and I hope that I shall always know better, than to laugh at an old man." "Right! my son," exclaimed both the parents at once, "and always remember to reverence the hoary head." The effect of these lessons was manifested in public as well as in private. If one of M. M.'s children who happened to be comfortably seated, ever saw an aged, or weakly person come into a place of worship, the child thought it an indispensable duty to give up the seat, and this, whether the person were poor or rich, distinguished or obscure.—Very different, however, is the conduct of many of the young of the present day, who jostle and elbow, and treat with the most marked disrespect persons old enough to be their grand-fathers, especially if they appear in low circumstances in life. Now, this is much to be lamented, and I must take the liberty of stepping a little out of my way, for the sake of giving a friendly admonition to my young readers. They who are in the habit of treating old age with disrespect, are very apt, to treat with slight and inattention the lessons of experience. All that long and careful observation has treasured up of practical wisdom, is regarded as the mere drivelling of dotage, and is treated with contempt; the caution of age is called timidity; and the restraints which those advanced in life, would lay on the young, are charged to the moroseness incident to that period. And thus youth rush into the world like untamed colts which have broken the

rein, and think to expatiate at large, in the boundless field of pleasure, which seems to open before them. But alas! they soon plunge into some quagmire, and are swallowed up, or throw themselves over some precipice, and are dashed to pieces. Let the young ever regard grey hairs as a crown of glory, and listen to the lessons which experience profess to teach them; thus may they escape the dangers to which their season of life is exposed, and adorn that station to which providence may call them.

(To be continued.)

SELECT SENTENCES.

The knowledge of God, without the knowledge of our own misery, is the nurse of pride. The knowledge of our own misery, without the knowledge of Jesus Christ, is the mother of despair.—But the true knowledge of Jesus Christ exempts alike from pride and despair—by giving us at once a sight not only of God and of our misery, but also of the mercy of God in the relief of our misery.
Pascal.


The happiness of heaven is the constant keeping of a Sabbath. Heaven is called a *Sabbath*, to make those that love Sabbaths long for Heaven; and to make those that long for Heaven love Sabbaths.

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